

The Adventures of Hiccup the Night Fury

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Summary: A sequel-and-a-half to Peace Is Dead. Join Hiccup the Night Fury on his many adventures and his daily life at Berk! A series of one-shots that includes a lot of shenanigans and stupidity.

The Adventures of Hiccup the Night Fury

Hello!

Please take the time to read this Author's Note. It's important if you don't want to get confused! (Also, there will be HTTYD2 spoilers.)

So, **_The Adventures of Hiccup the Night Fury**_ **is a sequel-and-a-half (shenanigans-oneshot-series fic) of my other story, **_**Peace Is Dead**_ **. There are, in total, three options for this fanfic to make sense:**

Option 1: Read **_Peace Is Dead**_ **. Or, if you don't want to, just know that there will be a spoiler ahead of this sentence.

Summary: Stoick fails to save Hiccup from getting blasted by Toothless, resulting in Hiccup's tragic demise. After the battle, the Vikings find a baby Night Fury with a chunk of his left foot missing.
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Option 2: Pretend that Hiccup is busy at the forge or something and that they found a baby Night Fury with a chunk of his left foot missing. And then they named the dragon "Hiccup Jr." or something.

Option 3: Pretend Hiccup has always been a Night Fury and accept that this story offers no explanation whatsoever as to how the Vikings came to love the dragons or how Valka rejoined Berk after a 20-year disappearance if Option 3 is picked.

Much apologies. : 'D

**Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragons or any derivatives thereof. **

Inspiration: Chi's Sweet Home

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><p>The island of Berk was rocky and steep, but at peace.</p>

At night when the mist gently wraps the village in her embrace, Berk's inhabitants smiled in their sleep with dreams of tomorrow dancing through their minds. All of them, snuggly wrapped in layers of blankets and fur in their cozy wooden houses. Some of don't have enough space to house all of their dragons under their roofs, while others managed to find space for their overgrown lizards to sleep within their homes. Stoick and Valka made sure that Berk's two beloved Night Furies were comfortable and safe from the elements (not that they really needed any protection).

In a corner of the house, Toothless was curled on his slate, sleeping soundly. From under his wings, a curious head poked up, a pair of eyes shining in the darkness. Those greenish yellow orbs waited for something, perhaps a human to walk by or for exhaustion to overtake them. But then, a churning, growling sound echoed through the quiet house.

Hiccup was hungry.

The Night Fury didn't care that it was the middle of the night, or that people were soundly sleeping. All he knew, for now, was that his stomach was screeching abuse and that he had to sink his teeth something.

Brother Toothless! Hiccup jumped up from the location he was sleeping in and onto Toothless' shoulder. Brother Toothless, I'm hungry! _

The bigger dragon only shifted in his sleep.

Wake up, I'm hungry! Hiccup growled and swatted Toothless' nose in a futile effort to wake the resting dragon.

Seriously, Toothless was a Night Fury, not a Napping Fury! Sadly, the little dragon's pleas were gone unheard, and Toothless rolled to the side with Hiccup still perched atop of him. As a result, Hiccup was sent tumbling onto the wooden floor beneath him, and with a "thud", he landed less-than-gracefully. Neglect! Abuse! Even though Hiccup was a dragon the size of a dog, falling a couple feet still hurt. He stood up on his hind leg (and prosthetic-Uncle Gobber was creative and talented) and shook at one of Toothless's front legs. Feed me! _

Toothless grumbled in his sleep, his large tail traveling to where Hiccup was and swatted him. Hiccup, surprised, lost his fragile balance and clumsily toppled over. Go away, Toothless muttered and promptly resumed snoring.

Hiccup was angry. Fine! _

The little dragon waddled over the stairs, knowing that the village chief won't ignore his requests. Not only was Stoick easier to wake up, the man loved to spoil Hiccup! Soon, his beloved fish will be in his claws, ready to be savored.

Without further ado, Hiccup took several leaps up the stairs and stalked over to where the two humans, Stoick and Valka (who was harder to wake up than Toothless), were sleeping. The humans' bed were farther away from the floor than Toothless' slate, so Hiccup had to dig his front claws into the wood and pull himself up. He didn't want to use his wings, because the last time he did in the house, he got yelled at for knocking everything over.

_Feed me, Daddy Stoick! _The man shifted in his sleep.

_Wake up! _The man snored.

_Feed me! _Nothing.

_Why are you sleeping like you're dead!? _The man mumbled in his sleep, something about his hammer.

Hiccup huffed in annoyance.

Usually, all it took for Stoick to wake up was a growl into the ear. Tonight was different, and Hiccup didn't know why. Perhaps the old man was too exhausted? Or ignoring him? Either way, the Night Fury would not give up until this human was awake and paying attention. Hiccup hopped down from the bed and rolled over to a tub of water sitting on the floor. This was where humans mindlessly submerge themselves in and splash around like dumb ducks.

Holding his breath, Hiccup took a large mouthful of water and hopped back over to the sleeping Stoick. He saw this trick once. A few days ago, the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut were fooling around like they always were. One of them held a bucket of water, while the other was sprawled over the grass, asleep. Hiccup heard a chortle before witnessing the girl empty the bucket's content onto her twin, rudely awakening him from his slumber. It was glorious, he had to admit, and now he must thank the twins for giving him this tool in waking Stoick up.

Without a warning, Hiccup spit out the water that he held in his mouth and onto Stoick. The man immediately sat up, startled and half-drenched. Hiccup, on the other hand, was sent tumbling back a second time, but that was okay-Stoick was up and he would be fed soon. The Night Fury hopped back onto his feet and gave the burly man a gummy smile, waiting.

"Huh, what?" Stoick was almost ready to spring from his bed until his eyes fell onto the baby dragon sitting patiently at the foot of his bed. "Oh, it's just you. Go back to sleep, Hiccup." Stoick yawned. "I'll play with you tomorrow." And with that said, the man went back to sleep.

Hiccup was furious. _Daddy Stoick!_

The stupid human was already snoring.

Hiccup's stomach rumbled and he growled. Frustrated, he walked

forward a few steps, making himself as tall as possible, casting a shadow over Stoick's face.

And now, his small handy-dandy checklist:

Hungry Hiccup? _Check._

Angry face? _Check._

Target? _That beefy arm._

Teeth ready? _Check._

Ready, and-

Stoick's screams of pain could be heard two doors down.

* * *

><p>Please review. ; w ;

End
file.